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A "Times" Peace

Regretfully *The Times* accepts the fact of the President's verdict on the enemy's proposal for a secret peace parley. Its dejection is not concealed. "The proposal is rejected," it says; "it remains for the Allies to carry on the war with the utmost vigor."

Its own position is unchanged. It says: "Nevertheless, we had hoped from the Allied governments a reply that would have been by no millionth part of a hair less conclusive of our unshakable resolve to enforce a peace on our own terms, a peace that would secure the just object for which we are fighting, yet an answer that would have had the important advantage of disclosing to us the motive that prompted the invitation."

For a clew to the motive we refer *The Times* to news that has been more or less current in the last sixty days. *The Times* has boasted of printing more of it than any other newspaper, and of how expensive it was. It is the news of the Allied armies' progress toward the Rhine, and the news from Amsterdam and other points on the enemy's frontier of what is happening to German morale. It is the news of American shells falling on the great Metz fortress.

Of German fortresses *The Times* speaks, but in another way. In its first amazing editorial it referred to the Austrian proposal as a "veritable peace offer" in a form "which the Allies may honorably accept in the confident belief that it will lead to the end of the war." Now, the proposal having been peremptorily rejected, it admits that we might have asked for guarantees of good faith; that is to say, "we might have demanded the right to hold in pledge German fortresses on the Rhine," as an earnest of the enemy's intention to make the peace conferences fruitful; instantly, however, it disowns its own thought, saying, "but that would have been beyond the pale of reason, for we have no intention of seizing and holding German cities or forts."

Haven't we? Does *The Times* still think it is an authority on what we intend or do not intend to do? Are German cities and forts sacred, more than those of Belgium or France? We will, if necessary, seize German fortresses and cities all the way from Metz to Berlin, and hold them until the enemy unconditionally surrenders.

At last we know what *The Times* believes. It believes in a peace of "acquiescence," the latest euphemism of pacifists all over the world for a peace without victory. It says: "The primary question was whether this proposal was made in sincerity or in hypocrisy. That is a question of fact to be best determined by a scrutiny of the terms the Central Powers would consent to accept."

Would consent to accept!

We trust that *The Times* will learn from its own readers that the terms of peace the Central Powers would consent to accept are no longer of any interest to us. No peace that the enemy would consent to accept could satisfy us. It is now for Germany to choose between accepting for herself the abject condition which she would have imposed upon all conquered people or putting down her arms and leaving the terms to the conscience and mercy of the world.

How can *The Times* reconcile the idea of a peace the Central Powers "would consent to accept" with the phrase quoted before—"no millionth part of a hair less conclusive of our unshakable resolve to enforce a peace on our own terms"—both in the same editorial? Obviously, one saying is meant for those to whom victory is the name of a priceless thing, more precious than ten million lives, and the other is for those who hold treasure in the world that was.

When *The Times* embraced the Austrian proposal we were astonished. But by its second editorial we are deeply enlightened.

The Great Adventure

Colonel Roosevelt's message in "The Metropolitan" sounds a poignant personal note which will stir the hearts of all. It also states more clearly than any words we can recall the exact service which the war has rendered or is in process of rendering to all the safe of heart, which is to say the vast majority of us, before the war. Let us set down his text again:

> Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die, and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure.
>
> Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for unless its sons and daughters thought of life not as something concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual, but as a link in the great chain of creation and causation, so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose life must be made to serve the larger and continuing life of the whole.

There is all that is needful of philosophy and of religion in these sentences. They come very close to summing up that minimum of faith which soldiers and civilians alike might agree on in these days of death and destruction. "A link in the great chain of creation and causation" may not hold out hope of easy warmth or soft reward. But it is the testimony of those at the front that those closest to death have scant faith in any life hereafter viewed in terms of reward and selfish enjoyment. Every one is needed. Every one must count. To fail one's comrades, one's platoon, one's regiment, one's country, is to commit the cardinal sin of quitting.

A simple, stoical philosophy. But it has its own splendor and magnificence. And men are living and dying by it in numbers and with a devotion never surpassed in the numbered days of the world.

We have learned that life is, after all, the one Great Adventure. It is not a thing to husband and hoard and sift out with a miser's hand. It is one's to spend, and we have it only as we spend it. Such is the way of life as we had forgotten in the soft years before the war and as we are now knowing in the fulness of sacrifice.

The Influenza Epidemic

The closing of Camp Upton to visitors seems partial verification of Surgeon General Rupert Blue's prediction that the influenza epidemic would spread over the country in the next six weeks. There is no cause for serious alarm. Although ten deaths are reported from Boston, the general testimony is that the contagion is rather mild and the mortality low. The suddenness and severity of the onset are largely the cause of the general fear of it. It begins with a stiff headache, high fever and a dry cough. On the second day there is profuse perspiration, the fever goes lower and generally disappears on the third or fourth day.

In Europe the malady is generally confined to the nose, throat and lungs. The infection seems to be carried from one person to another directly, and a crowd, as in our subways, is an ideal field for its transmission. This fact ought to put the taboo on the coughers and the sneezers. There is no swifter way, apparently, to infect the community. For that matter, this appears to be true of a great number of common diseases. Except for the explosive cough or sneeze, few would come near enough to the disease carriers to be contaminated.

Routing a Fetich

War is smashing the old fetiches. The House of Representatives has plucked up courage to levy an income tax on the salaries of the President, Federal judges and state officers and also on interest derived from state securities.

But for the war and the pressure of war taxation Congress would never have challenged the exemption long granted to a few favored officeholders and to the owners of state and municipal bonds. It would have continued an illogical discrimination based on ancient interpretations of the Federal compact, which themselves became obsolete when the income tax amendment to the Constitution was ratified.

The Constitution now permits Congress to tax incomes "from whatever source derived." It is well enough for the worshippers of a dead order to lament an infringement on the old state rights theory which absolves the Federal taxing power from respecting the majesty incarnate in the officers of sovereign states. But that majesty was legally abolished when three-fourths of the sovereign states consented to the Sixteenth Amendment. It remained morally intact, however, so far as Congress was concerned, until the public was asked to contemplate the spectacle of an ordinary citizen with a salary of $5,000 paying a $500 tax on it, while a state officer with a salary anywhere from $10,000 to $25,000 was to get off without paying a cent.

Injustice in the concrete was too much for fine-spun distinctions based on a decaying homage of state rights. In a nation at war all citizens should be taxpayers. The provisions of law which guarantee the President and Federal judges against a diminution of salary during their terms of office cannot protect them against taxation. A tax is not a reduction of salary, unless it applies exclusively to specified classes of officeholders.

The cost of the war ought to fall on all classes, and it can do so only if taxation is universal in character. In a great crisis like this Congress is wise in putting aside all hindering distinctions between the nation and the states.

Outlawing the Coal Strike

What the President said, bluntly and with no mincing of words, to the Bridgeport strikers Dr. Garfield has said to the striking anthracite coal miners in Pennsylvania:

> First—That he will not confer with them nor take any step in their behalf so long as they continue on strike.
>
> Second—That they will be held personally and strictly responsible.

It is an extremely difficult thing to bring all the units in a nation of 100,000,000 to realize what war means; that it means team work and that the coöperation of every unit is absolutely essential to success.

We cannot fight this war without steel. If the steelworkers should fail the men behind the guns in France would have no munitions; they would have no guns.

We cannot fight the war without food. If the farmers of the nation refuse to plant wheat and other products unless they have a price which they themselves shall dictate, the men in the trenches would starve.

It is the same with coal. Coal is an absolute essential. It is as great an essential as steel, or food, or powder, or guns, or aeroplanes or tanks. Unless there is an adequate supply of coal our army in France will fail and the plans of the Allies will fail. Listen to the thrilling message of the supreme commander of the armies in France to the miners in Great Britain. This is the telegram of Marshal Foch to the meeting of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain a week or so ago:

> "Coal is the key to victory! Miners of Great Britain, help me on, on! My brothers, the miners of Great Britain, let not a moment be lost to hasten the hour of peace."

There is a serious shortage of coal in Great Britain, and a far more serious shortage in France. There, we know, the richest coal mines are still held by the Hun. All this means a still more painful shortage in Italy.

It seems evident that the evil forces which have done so much to hinder America's war programme have not yet ceased their activities, and that among the coal miners in Pennsylvania there are sinister influences at work. Some of the loyal coal miners who have no wish to continue the strike have appealed to the government for protection.

There will be no trifling with this situation. The President in his message to the Bridgeport strikers made that perfectly clear.

Was a Washington Paper Bought by German Brewers?

(From The Washington Herald)

A Mitchell Palmer, Custodian of Alien Property, in an address before the Democratic State Committee at Harrisburg, Penn., Saturday, among other things, stated:

> "Let me say to you, as an illustration of the length to which these interests will go, that the facts will soon appear which will conclusively show that twelve or fifteen German brewers of America, in association with the United States Brewers' Association, furnished the money, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, to buy a great newspaper in one of the chief cities of the nation; and its publisher, without disclosing whose money had bought that organ of public opinion, in the very capital of the nation, in the shadow of the Capitol itself, has been fighting the battle of the liquor traffic. That money was placed there under methods and by contrivances cleverly designed to keep secret forever who it was that put the money into that great newspaper and the purposes for which it was there. Now, I say to you that when this traffic, doomed though it is, undertakes and seeks by these secret methods to control party nominations, party machinery, whole political parties and thereby control the government of state and nation, it is time that the people knew the truth, and it is time that we as Americans, as Pennsylvanians and as Democrats stand for the truth, no matter who gets hurt in the process."

Mr. Palmer, while not stating specifically that the paper referred to is a Washington paper, nevertheless creates that impression. So much so that The New York Tribune in yesterday's issue identified the paper by name.

If there is a newspaper in Washington that has been bought by "twelve or fifteen German brewers," the people of Washington should know it, or to the contrary.

A paper bought by German interests is a menace to the community.

Let us have the name of this paper, Mr. Palmer. The people will deal with it effectively. We have already had the example of *The New York Evening Mail* before us. If there are others of the same calibre, give them the same treatment accorded the New York paper.

It's All Clear Now

(From The Kansas City Star)

"As I understand it, only two teams will be engaged in the world's series."—Secretary Baker.

It is clear that Mr. Baker has been to the bottom of this matter, and has come up with the correct dope.

Metz

By Frank H. Simonds

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VERY naturally as a result of General Pershing's victory in the St. Mihiel salient the eyes of all his countrymen are fixed upon Metz. Its forts are now within range of our heavy artillery, as they have been within range of French heavy guns on the hills above Pont-à-Mousson, on the east bank of the Moselle, since the autumn of 1914. From some of the latter hills Metz itself is visible on a clear day. From our present front north of Thiaucourt we are distant little more than five miles from the battlefield of Mars-la-Tour, where Bazaine threw away one of the great chances of military history and lost not merely Metz and his army, but also Alsace-Lorraine, to France.

And as a result of St. Mihiel it is not too much to say that the determination has been aroused in all Americans, soldiers and civilians alike, to make one part of America's work in this war the return of Metz, and with it Alsace-Lorraine, to France. The work is not to be undertaken lightly. We are bound now as we look at a campaign just beginning to recognize how great are the obstacles in our pathway, but the very greatness of these obstacles adds to the splendor of the achievement toward which we have taken the first step.

A direct attack upon Metz is unthinkable, not merely because of the forts, which are far more modern and infinitely stronger than those of Verdun, but because of the lines of defence which the Germans have newly constructed upon the circle of hills surrounding the old French city since the war began. We must recognize that Metz is the foundation of the German defence, not merely of the old frontier, but of all the country between the Rhine and the Belgian and French frontiers. If Metz should fall, a permanent stay of the German armies west of the Belgian frontier would be impossible, a defence of Alsace-Lorraine could not long be maintained and the Germans would have at no distant date to retire to the line of the Rhine, the Lauter and the Saar, at the very least.

More than this, Metz defends all that great iron district from Longwy, in France, on the Luxembourg frontier, southward to the point where the present front crosses the Moselle near Norroy. To lose this iron district would be to lose the main source of indispensable war material; it would be tantamount to the loss of the war itself. When Bismarck took Metz he obeyed the urgings of the elder Moltke and the military men; he took it because they advised him that in German hands Metz was the key to France. No claim of German population, of German tradition, could be advanced for Metz; it was as French in its population as Tours or Orleans. But with the development of the iron industry in Lorraine Metz became not only the key to France, but the bulwark to Germany.

As a military problem it is well to dismiss the idea that the taking of Metz can be by direct assault. There have been too many operations like the Somme and Flanders last year to make such an operation tempting now. Metz will have to be taken by the now familiar method of the pincers. Unquestionably we shall see next year—we may see the beginning this year—a double thrust from Verdun straight out toward the Moselle east of Briey and below Metz and another thrust northeastward from the front beyond Nancy into the gap between Metz and Strassburg, which was the scene of the French offensive of August, 1914, which ended so disastrously at Morhange. These two thrusts will together envelop Metz, as the St. Mihiel salient was enveloped the other day, and compel the Germans to choose between evacuating the whole Metz position and risking an army in a besieged fortress, as Bazaine risked his army and the French cause in 1870.

It is a proper calculation henceforth to count on the ultimate capture of Metz by Pershing, probably materially aided by French troops; but it is an incorrect calculation to measure the task by the smallness of the distance which now separates us from the forts of Metz. The Germans got within four miles of the citadel of Verdun, but it took them more than five months to make the advance, which did not amount to seven miles at the extreme point of penetration. Their failure was an admirable illustration of the folly of trying to hack one's way into an enemy stronghold, and Foch has shown in his operations this year his contempt for such tactics.

We are, then, likely to see a long and slow campaign for Metz. We are bound to see the main thrusts delivered not at the forts and the immediate circle of defences which now face our troops, but north and south of these defences, thrusts designed to envelop Metz, not take it by storm, and the envelopment will inevitably force the Germans to evacuate the town when their garrison is threatened with immediate encirclement.

War Names in the News

Foch	Fosh.
Mangin	Mahn-zshan.
Poincaré	Pwahn-kar-ray.
Le Verguier	Luh-vayr-shee-ay.
Vandières	Vahnd-yare.
Diculouard	Dyu-loo-ar (u as in blur).
Pannes	Pann.
Le Sablons	Luh-sah-blon.
Haumont	O-mon (first o as in so).

THEY ARE WEARING PAPER CLOTHES IN GERMANY

The Bolo Trail

(Special Cable to The Tribune)

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PARIS, Sept. 17.—The name of Hearst is sure to be featured in the approaching Humbert trial, the date of which is still unfixed owing to new and grave evidence. At the Bolo trial the relations between the French traitor and the American editor were incompletely examined. Now the revelations of Attorney General Lewis, affidavits showing meetings of Bolo and Hearst with Bernstorff, make them vitally important. France found enough evidence to stand Bolo before the firing squad at Vincennes without troubling about his New York supper companion, Hearst, who in any case could not have been considered by French military justice.

Humbert, the French Senator, is more important fry than Bolo Pacha, who went to America as his agent. Humbert to Bernstorff, via Bolo, with Hearst as the connecting link, would make the affair more interesting even though America was then neutral and an American could receive whom he pleased. This according to Hearst.

The News Print Errand

It is amazing how much camouflage, wittingly and unwittingly, can be spread over testimony even at the trials of traitors. For instance, take the high lights in the Hearst-Bolo relations revealed at the Bolo trial. From the "explanation" of Hearst in America, and from the testimony of his Paris correspondent, Carlo Bertelli, a witness for Bolo, these relations were mostly social. Apparently, the only business involved was Bolo's desire to buy print paper for Humbert's Paris journal.

The real facts are easy to get and make clear. Bolo sailed from Bordeaux aboard the French liner Lafayette on February 15, 1916. Carlo Bertelli, Hearst's confidential henchman, was a passenger aboard the same boat on the same date. Bertelli went with Bolo from Humbert, in Paris, to Hearst, in Riverside Drive. Bertelli introduced Hearst to Bolo, although the latter carried letters of introduction such as traitors are usually provided with. Bertelli arranged the famous dinner at Sherry's that "Bolo gave Hearst."

At the Bolo trial Bertelli mentioned a different number of Bolo-Hearst meetings from the number given in Hearst's own explanation. Bertelli also admitted borrowing money from Bolo. Since the trial Bertelli has become an unwilling member of the Italian army; unwilling, because long before the trial, while still one of Hearst's favorites, he made a desperate though unsuccessful attempt to obtain an American passport. It is hinted that he lost Hearst's support after the trial, owing to the discrepancy in the number of Hearst-Bolo meetings, and also for admitting borrowing Bolo money.

The Way of One With Hearst's Money

Hearst paid him well, but Bertelli lived high and lost heavily in gambling at Monte Carlo, especially during the winter of 1916-'17. Again, it is hinted he is still on Hearst's payroll though not in his employ. This is after the fashion of John Eddy, who departed overnight from the Hearst service, in December, 1912, when Hearst was called before the Clapp committee in the United States Senate to explain who obtained the Archbold letter.

Anyhow, Bertelli's is the only case of a journalist serving an American or British paper in France who has been taken into the military service against his will. In all other cases correspondents under military obligations have been kept at their posts on the ground that they were doing work sufficiently important.

After the Bolo trial Bertelli was certainly not particularly persona grata to the French authorities, so perhaps the Italian army was invited to come and take him as its own. His application for an American passport was made at the Paris embassy. He asserted that he was an American citizen. The passport was actually issued and sent by Washington to Paris and was about to be delivered to Bertelli when the authorities learned accidentally that he was born in Italy and never lived in America long enough to acquire citizenship.

Hearst Keeping Good

But it is also pointed out that had Hearst attempted to keep him in Paris the French authorities were likely not to have regarded his connection as necessary to war service. At that time Hearst's papers were barred from cable privileges. England restored the cable service last January, but the Clemenceau government held off until recently, when Wilson, head of Hearst's International News Service, came over personally "to see what could be done." He saw Foreign Minister Pichon and afterward Clemenceau. He made promises which, needless to say, will be kept if the privileges are to be retained, for Clemenceau tolerates no nonsense.

One of Wilson's promises was that no Hearst propaganda would ever go over the international wires. Immediately after reinstatement the International News Service took new quarters in the offices of the French news agency, "Radio." The ownership of the "Radio" has recently been the subject of much whispering, and several doubtful names have been mentioned. Also the name of Hearst.

There has been a curious unwillingness lately to discuss Hearst in the French press. Once it was outspoken in the opinion that he was pro-Boche. Since America entered the war they say almost nothing. Apparently none here like or admire him and many detest him, but all, even in discussing him privately, take the position that there is no actual charge against him, that as he apparently is on good terms with the American authorities it is not for Frenchmen to criticise him.

"The Times's" White Flag

(From The World)

Testifying, as often heretofore, to our long-time faith in the patriotism and ability of our neighbor "The Times," we can only express astonishment that, practically alone among important American newspapers, it responds sympathetically, if not enthusiastically, to the dubious proposal for a secret peace conference that comes from Vienna.

"We cannot imagine," says "The Times," "that this invitation will be declined," for "the preliminaries of peace have usually led to peace," and then:

> When we consider the deluge of blood that has been poured out in this war, the incalculable waste of treasure, the ruin it has wrought, the grief that wrings millions of hearts because of it, we must conclude that only the madness or the soulless depravity of some one of the belligerent powers could obstruct and defeat the purpose of the conference.

Is peace, then, the only aim of civilization? They have peace in Serbia, Rumania, Armenia and the prostrate provinces torn from Russia. There is peace of a kind even in Belgium. Can it be possible that a great American newspaper really believes that "only the madness or the soulless depravity of some one of the belligerent powers" could obstruct and defeat that kind of peace if it were applied to the United States and the democracies with which it has made common cause?

"The Times" asks the United States to enter a conference which, according to its own belief, is bound to end in peace without the slightest guarantee that that peace will fulfil a single principle for which this country is fighting. It is so eager for peace that it accepts peace at any price, hoping only for the best bargain that haggling diplomatists may gain for democracy around the council table.

A white flag flying over Mr. Hearst's establishment, or the headquarters of the professional pacifists, or the lair of local Bolsheviki or Sinn Feiners, or even an internment camp, would excite indignation, but witnessing that emblem of surrender at the masthead of "The Times," we must confess to amazement, bewilderment and sorrow.